

HUNZA CRAFTS

000 we were able to leave the photo for her at No. 8. It was a
 ● 215 constantly renewed pleasure to find how our photographs were
 welcomed and a constantly renewed surprise that these illiterate
 people, who had never seen a picture in their lives, were able
 at once to recognize and name the tiny reproductions of them-
 000 selves. This was the one point in favour of my quarter-plate
 camera that it yielded larger prints than David's smaller ones.
 Only one woman in all our experience refused to take any
 interest in photographs, and that was, oddly enough, my special
 friend Bibi Gímo, of No. 1. "Take it away; I can't understand
 it," she would say to the others eagerly crowding round to
 see the latest of grandfather or baby Faqér. Quite possibly,
 [151] unsuspected by herself, her eyesight was below par. But for
 the most part quite old people like the various grandfathers
 seemed as sharp-sighted as ever. On one occasion a man was
 studying a group of field-builders, the figures in which were
 very small, and he mis-identified himself: "Hullo, that's me
 all right, but *where* is my moustache?" He looked again more
 carefully, and found himself, moustache and all.

It was no negligible tax on our time to make spare prints
 for everyone, but we felt it was one small return we could
 make—without corrupting our friends—for the unstinted
 kindness we met on every hand.

256 We visited all the mills within range, studying them critic-
 ally with future photographs in mind, for they were dark little
 hovels without smoke-holes, and lit only by the door and a
 small gap, representing one missing stone in the wall opposite,
 and we had to make elaborate calculations as to the aspect of
 doors and light-holes and sun and times of day to decide which
 offered the best hope of an interior photograph (we had unfor-
 tunately brought no flashlight apparatus with us).

When the water was not "on" we made an effort to master
 their complicatedly simple mechanism. The water is led from
 some height by a wooden shoot consisting of a hollowed-out
 log and falls on to the wings of a rude "wheel" below the
 floor. The central hub is a rough sphere or cylinder hacked
 out of a root or tree trunk in which the "wings," eight or
 ten of them, are obliquely set. The axis of this wheel passes up